Sir *BLUE* Blu'd:

OR,

T'other Squeak

FOR THE

'SQUIRE.

Tune of, King JOHN and the *Abbot.*

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXI. (Price Six-pence.)

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OR,

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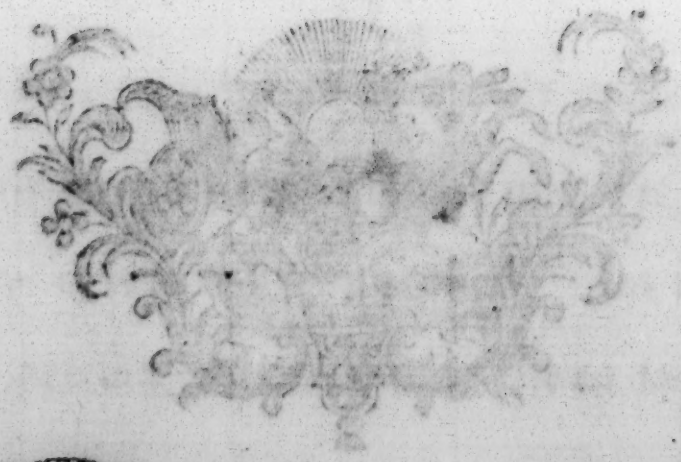
1601/402.

SQUIRE

Time of King John and the Abbot



BRITISH MUSEUM
30 JAN 92

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXI. (Price Six-pence.)

Sir *BLUE* Blud:

OR,

T'other Squeak

'SQUIRE.

I.

COME all ye that love Laughing, and like not Sir *Blue*,
And I'll tell you a Story that's merry and true,
Of a Tryal, 'tis curious as ever was ſeen,
Of a Tryal that was not, but was to have been.

Derry down, down.

Tho'

II.

Tho' our Lawyers had once put it off, out of Fear,
That Sir *Blue* might himſelf an Accomplice appear;
They now cry'd they were ready their Bus'neſs to rid,
For they knew not themſelves, tho' moſt other Folks did.

Derry down, down.

III.

A Poor Printer, it ſeems, for affronting a Knight,
Was to bear the whole Weight of a Miniſter's Might,
Who can bully at home, but abroad does not care
Tho' the *French* get their *Dunkirk*, and *Spain*, *Gibraltar*.

Derry down, down.

IV.

In the Hall there were *Middleſex* Juſtices Store,
(Who wou'd ſav a Man after, and hang him before)
Who did *Caleb* preſent, but his Words did forget,
Tho' their Memory ſhort was a Sign of their Wit.

Derry down, down.

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The

VIII.

The bold Squire he was there, his poor Friend to aſſiſt,
But the dead-doing Knight would not enter the Liſt;
So he fled from the Summons, for Reaſons well known,
And full fairly and manfully ran out of Town.

Derry down, down.

VI.

But the Buſineſs was great of this Stateſman profound,
'Twas to chaſe the Bitch-Foxes with Horn and with Hound;
For he knew, to be ſure, that 'twas far better Sport,
To be Hunting in Field, than be *hunted* in Court.

Derry down, down.

VII.

When the Judges were ſat, and the Pannel read o'er,
But Eleven Freeholders were found, and no more;
For a Jury ſo *Special* the Courtiers did call,
And full *Special* it prov'd, for it prov'd none at all.

Derry down, down.

VIII.

But, on which Side the Blame was, a Queſtion has been,
On the Side that was *Out*, or the Side that was *In*:
Tho' pérhaps in the Caſe a near Gueſs may be had,
When the one was ſo glum, and the other ſo glad.

Derry down, down.

IX.

Some ſay the bold Squire ſuch an Int'reſt had made,
That the Courtiers themſelves of his Strength were afraid,
As if grown to that Height, that his Pow'r cou'd ſubdue
Both the Knight and his Council, and *Treaſury* too.

Derry down, down.

X.

Some ſay, that Men lik'd not a perſonal Thing,
Which a Knave might concern, but was nought to a King;
And therefore, tho' call'd, yet they came not at calling,
But ran juſt like Rats from a Houſe that is falling.

Derry down, down.

Tho'

XI.

Tho' with all ſorts of People the Hall did abound,
Not a Man for the Purpoſe was there to be found;
Nay, all over the Land, on the Side of Sir *Blue*,
You cou'd hardly have pick'd out *Twelve Good Men and True.*

Derry down, down.

XII.

Ah! *BOB!* 'tis in vain your Indictments to draw,
You may maul him by Pow'r, but can never by Law;
Can't you find a new Plot, as your Malice advances,
And ſerve him as both of you ſerv'd Father *FRANCIS?*

Derry down, down.

XIII.

Tho' it late was preſented, I now ſhall not ſtick
To ſay *Seven's the Main*, and *Eleven's the Nick*;
The beſt Chance that could happen, unleſs t'other Bout
The good Knight in his Rage ſhould throw *Twelve*, and *Throw out.*

Derry down, down.

F I N I S.

XI.

Tho' with all sorts of People the Hall did abound,
Not a Man for the Purple was there to be found;
Nay, all over the Land, on the Side of Sir Blue,
You cou'd hardly have pick'd out Twelve Good Men and True.
Derry down, down.

XII.

Ah! BOB! 'tis in vain your Indictments to draw,
You may mawl him by Pow'r, but can never by Law;
Can't you find a new Plot, as your Malice advances,
And ferve him as both of your Fore-Father FRANCIS?
Derry down, down.

XIII.

Tho' it late was' prefum'd, I'm now loath not Luck
To lay Stress's the Main, and Leave's the Nick;
The beft Chance that could happen, unlefs t'other Bout
The good Knight in his Rage fhould throw Twelve, an' I Throw out.
Derry down, down.

FINIS.

1607/584.